

W. No, henceforth we shall never separate. I am indeed sent to thee but not down upon the earth. Look around you here; where upon earth thou seest such trees, such waters? Look at thyself; thou dost go about yonder bowed beneath the weight of years. Now thou art young again. Thou dost not walk, thou floatest; thine eyes not only see, but see immeasurably far. Look inward upon thyself; has it always been with thy heart as now?

H. Within me is a deep, unfathomable, ever-swelling, and yet entirely still and peaceful sea. Yes, when I look about me here, and when I feel thy hand in mine—then I must say I am blessed, I am in heaven.

W. Thou art.

H. And then must I be actually dead. W. Thou art. Hast thou not lain sick in that very chamber where I died, and whither thou didst long to be brought? Has not thy son, day and night, without leaving thy side, sincerely and tenderly nursed thee? Hast thou not, by day and night, found open the blue eye of thy daughter, in which she vainly strove to hold back the forth-welling tears? Was there not then a deep mist, and utter darkness spread over the faces of thy children, and over everything around thee?

H. I AM DEAD! Lord of life and death, upon my bended knees I thank thee that thou hast fulfilled this so great thing in me—that thou hast led me to such high happiness—to such great honor; DEAD, AND HAPPY TO BE DEAD. Thou knowest, O Lord, how often that moment stood before me; how often I have prayed that thou shouldst, since I was able to do it, wouldst prepare me for that hour; that thou wouldst send me a soft, blessed death. Now, O Lord, that thou hast heard this, as all my other prayers, thou hast in this, as in all things, eternally shown thyself gracious and pitiful. What stood before me is now over. Truly, though dead, I have not yet learned exactly what death is; but this much I know, death is sweet. As one hears a sleeping child out of a dark chamber into a bright spring garden, so hast thou borne me from earth to heaven. But now, loved one, hold me no longer back.

W. Whither wouldst thou go? H. Canst thou ask? To whom else but to him? All is beautiful and lovely here; these trees, these flowers, this down-streaming water, this coolness which breathes over flowers and trees and deep into my heart; thyself, thy presence, which after so long a separation, after so many tears, I enjoy again; but not even all this satisfies me. HIMSELF I must see. Let him adorn his heavens as beautiful as he may, that cannot compensate for the loss of his presence. What was impossible, he has made possible; so long, so faithfully, so unweariedly has he worked in me, that I might be capable of bliss! Even before I was born he chose. Where is the little earth? Yonder it spins. In what darkness it is veiled. I would not again return to it. He has condescended to go down thither, has trod its dust with his sacred feet, has endured hunger and thirst, has died. Ah, he will quicken my vision that I may pierce deeper than heretofore the abyss of his death pains. There he won me for his own, and that I, his dearly purchased one, should not again be lost to him, he has from my earliest years given me his ceaseless care. Much that he has done for me, have I already learned upon the earth, now I know more; and I shall know still more in the future, when together we recount the whole. But now I have no time for this. Emotion within me is too strong; my heart will burst; I must away to him, see him, thank him—if I am capable of thanking him—if in this overpowering bliss, thanksgiving be not swallowed up.

W. Thou wilt see him, but not until he comes to thee. Until then be patient. I am sent to thee, to tell thee that such is his will. H. Now I know for a certainty that I am in heaven, for my will yields itself implicitly to his without a struggle. I had thought it wholly unsupportable not to see Him here. Yet I not only bear it, but bear it cheerfully. He wills this—I will it also. Other than this seems now impossible to me. So readily could we not submit below. But if thou art sent to me from Him, then must He have spoken with thee. He has already spoken many words with thee.

W. Already many. H. O thou truly blessed one! Canst thou tell how it was with thee, when He for the first time spake with thee? W. As it has been in my heart each following time. I am using an earthly language with thee, in which these things cannot be described. H. As thou sawest him for the first time didst thou instantly recognize him? W. Instantly. H. How?—By that particular glory in which he outshines all angels? W. He has no need to clothe himself in splendor; we know him without that. H. Dost thou mean that I will immediately recognize Him, without any one saying to me, That is He? W. Thine own heart will tell thee. H. How will he really seem to me, severe, or gentle? Below, when I cried to him out of the darkness of my earth life, he often answered me with sternness. W. There, below, He is constrained to do this with his best beloved. Here, it is no longer necessary; here, there is no need that he should do violence to his own heart; he can give free expression to his love. This love is infinite; on earth we could not fathom it, as little can we do so here. H. Do there exist among you here differences in glory and blessedness? W. In endless degrees; but then the highest are even as the most lowly, so they stoop down to the humblest. And this does he require of them; for He who ranks above the highest is himself the humblest of all. So, then, these diversities become swallowed up, and we are all one in Him.

H. Lo, I have often thought me, if I only reach heaven, only dwell not with the enemies of the Lord, I shall be content to be very least of all there. Thou, methought, wouldst soar in a much higher circle, and our children also, when they left the earth. But then, if only once in a thousand years, I might be counted worthy to see the Lord—still, methought, it would be enough for me. W. Be truthful. Whom He receives, He receives to glory. Knowest thou not by what wonderful way He has called us in his word? H. Well do I know all that, and I see with what glory and honor He has crowned thee. Between thine image in thy last sickness, and that which now stands revealed to

me; between that perishable flower and the heavenly blossom—what a difference! No, this bloom upon thy cheek can never fade; this light in thine eyes can never be dimmed; thy form shall never bear the impress of age. Thus ever wilt thou wander about with me here, thou wilt show me the glory of these heavenly mansions, and also wilt lead me to those other blessed ones who are dear to me.

W. Thou wilt see them as soon as thou hast seen the Lord.

H. How delightful was it of old when we sought our aged father in his cot. Our carriage rolled up, all came running out before the house, and among the whole troop we sought first his dear, honored countenance. How much more delightful to see him here! He whom the smallest favor filled with thanks to the giver, he who would find beauty in a single spire of grass, who smiled at a brighter sunbeam, he who went forth so joyfully under the starry heavens, and adored the Creator of these worlds—what must he experience here, where the wonders of Omnipotence lie all open and unveiled before him! He who in silent joy of his heart thanked the Lord for his beneficence, and for the least refreshing that was granted him on his weary earth-way—what thanks will he now pour forth to his Redeemer. 'We shall meet again,' he said to me in his last sickness, as he pressed my hand with all his remaining strength, 'we shall meet again, and together thank God for his grace.'

W. Thou wilt soon see him and thy mother, also.

H. My mother, who loved me with so much unspeakable tenderness, and whom I have never known! I was but three years old when I lost her. As she lay upon her deathbed, and I was playing in the garden before the house, 'what will become of my poor child,' she cried. 'Good mother! all that a man can be, thy son has become—an inhabitant of heaven. Through the grace of God has this been effected, and also by the help of thy prayers. Is it not so?'

W. It is even so. I have often spoken of thee with thy father and mother.

H. Is X* here?

W. Yes.

H. I had not expected it. That, however, was wrong: why am I here? But the dear souls whom I left behind me on earth, I would have some tidings of them; or is the perception of them lost to us until the moment of reunion?

W. This question thou mayest speedily answer for thyself. Look thither.

H. I do so, but I see nothing.

W. Look longer in this direction—and you will surely see. Dost thou see now?

H. Perfectly. The place is familiar to me. It is the church-yard where I placed thy mortal part which was given back to the earth. The place became dear to me; I often sought it, and kneeling upon the grave, raised my eyes hitherward to heaven, where we both now are. Among beautiful trees and flowers, I thought, may she be wandering there. Among trees and flowers shall her body rest here. So a flower-garden and wilderness of blossoms sprung up, and every beautiful thing which the anniversary brought with it adorned thy grave.

W. I knew it well. Look thitherward now. What seest thou?

H. Near thy grave another one is open. The church-yard gate stands open; a corpse is borne forward; our children follow. Do you weep, loved hearts, weep so bitterly? Could you see us, as we see you, you would not weep, or at the most only for longing. The body—my body—is lowered; now they cast a handful of dust upon the coffin. The grave is closed; now rests my dust by thine. Go home now, ye loved ones, and may the foretaste of that heavenly peace which we enjoy glide to your souls. But return hitherward often and seek the grave of your old parents. When ye meet and pray there we will be near you, and bring you heavenly gifts from the Lord. Henceforth take his hand as ye go. He will guide you safely; your old parents have proved this! And one day will he bring us altogether again.

W. Amen. Thus it will surely be.

H. Hear'st thou those sounds? What may it be? Strange and wonderful, like the mingled roaring of the sea and sweetest flute notes, they come from than quarter, and float through the wide heaven. Hark! now from the other side melody arises, a wholly different note, and yet just as strange and enrapturing. What may it be?

W. They are angel choirs, which from an immeasurable distance answer one another.

H. What do they sing?

W. Ever of One, who is the theme of eternal and ceaseless praise.

H. For sometime already a form moves about there.

W. Observe it more closely, and then tell me why it attracts thee so.

H. Permit to us who are so lately called from the earth, an earthly comparison. At the home where I was born, thou knowest it well, though at the time thou wast no longer upon earth, I had planted a garden. As the spring came, I devoted myself to cultivation, and enjoyed myself over my plants and their beautiful unfoldings. There were many trees there, much shrubbery, and many flowers; yet I know every shoot; I had myself planted and watered it; each in its turn came under my inspection, and when it put on its bright green, and blossomed beautifully and grew thickly, then found I a heart friend in it. Thus seems to me that man to be the garden in this heavenly garden. He moves hither and thither quietly and in mild radiance; but one can see that every thing here is familiar to him. He casts around on all, besides, a satisfied and friendly glance, and appears to find joy in all creation here. My heart! till this moment I have felt within me only soft soothing emotions, but now a tempest is rising in my breast; I am dizzy; heaven and its glory vanishes from my sight; I see Him alone. Now pain returns again to this heart; yet in this pain there lives a higher blessedness. My soul burns with longing to approach Him. Yes, He is indeed one known to me, though never before seen face to face. Now He turns hitherward, and looks upon us. He appears to rejoice over us. His eyes glisten with tears of joy. I can no longer restrain myself, I must away to Him. I must say to him that I love Him as I never loved aught before. He raises his hands—how in those hands a mark, and from the mark rays darting forth? Yes, those are the pierced, the blessed hands. He blesses us. Deep in my heart I feel His blessing. Now know I that this is He.

W. Away, then, to him.

THE POLYNESIAN.

HONOLULU, SATURDAY, DEC. 9.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

In the absence of late foreign news, we know not how to better entertain our readers, than by giving them the outlines of proceedings in France previous to the grand insurrection, of which we published an account some weeks since.

May 13th a call was made for a public demonstration in favor of the Poles. The demonstration took place; and a petition relative to Poland was drawn up, to be presented to the Assembly, on Monday the 15th. This petition, with other demands relative to the *outrages*, was carried to the Assembly by a procession numbering 150,000, where they arrived without resistance, at 12 o'clock. The Assembly was in session. The President announced the reception of several petitions in favor of assisting Poland. M. d'Aragon called upon the Minister of Foreign Relations to state what were the projects of the government in regard to Italy and Poland. M. Bastide, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, replied, that he would explain in a few words the principles of the government. They were those already developed by M. Lamartine, in the declaration he had published a few days after the revolution. France had proclaimed the sovereignty of the people, not for herself alone, and she recognized the right of all nations to govern themselves as they pleased. Any people accordingly, who had asserted their independence, could rely on the support of France. The new government remembered that war had for its effect, after the first revolution, to place a soldier on the throne of France. Italy had not demanded the intervention of the republic. The treaties of 1815 had ceased to exist, and the time, he believed, was not far distant when a congress of nations should meet to regulate their mutual relations. M. d'Aragon asked, should Italy demand the interference of France, was the government disposed to accede to the request? Had France a sufficient force for that object? From the information he had obtained, there were not 20,000 men assembled near the Alps.—Gen. Subervie, interrupting the speaker, observed that when he left the Ministry, the army of the Alps presented an effective force of 30,000 men.—M. d'Aragon, continuing, asked if negotiations were pending in Italy by which Austria should be allowed to retain any portion of Italy, what should be the course adopted by the government?—M. Lamartine here rose and said, that he would give full explanations after the conclusion of the debate on Polish affairs.—M. Wolowski was then called to the tribune to develop his motion relative to Poland. At this moment loud cries were heard from outside, and at the suggestion of a member that it was the duty of the Assembly to remain at their posts at such a critical moment, the officers of the house were sent out to invite all the members in the Hall of Conference, to join their colleagues, and in an instant all the benches were filled. Louis Blanc entered at that moment. M. Wolowski contended that the most glorious mission France could accomplish would be the resurrection of Poland, that France of the north, which, during its existence, had been the bulwark of civilization and Christendom. M. Clement Thomas had risen to speak, when the public galleries were forcibly entered by men carrying banners, and crying, 'Vive la Pologne!' Several individuals also penetrated into the hall by the side doors, and among them was a captain of the artillery of the National Guard, who were turned out by the members and officers of the house. The greatest confusion ensued, and the President was obliged to cover himself. At this moment the crowd rushed in by all the doors and became complete masters of the hall. Several members, having protested, were ill-treated by the people. M. Ledru Rollin ascended the tribune, but being unable to obtain a hearing, he left it to MM. Barbes and Blanqui. M. Louis Blanc then appeared by the side of the President, and was hailed with loud cheers by the mob. Silence being restored, M. Louis Blanc invited the people to silence in order that the petition be read and freely discussed by the National Assembly. The right of petition should be sacred, and the people should prove themselves calm in their force and moderation. The petition was again read by a delegate of the clubs, who concluded by demanding that the Assembly decree *instantly* that a friendly invitation be addressed to the northern powers to re-establish old Poland, and that a French army be held in readiness to cross the Rhine and march to Poland, should the ultimatum be rejected. One of the presidents of the clubs here rose, and asked leave to develop the petition. It was the desire of France that Poland should be re-established in its limits of the year 1772, that is, from the banks of the Warta to the coast of the Black Sea. He trusted that the government would not suffer itself to be intimidated by foreign diplomacy. The cries heard from without were, he said, mere manifestations in favor of Poland, which would change into cries in honor of the Assembly if it decreed the resurrection of Poland. All parties were agreed upon that point. The people might be divided in opinion on domestic matters, but were unanimous on the question of Poland. He, accordingly, entreated the Assembly to declare war against the oppressors of that noble country. M. Ledru Rollin next addressed the Assembly. He did not, he said, speak as a member of the executive commission, not having had occasion to consult his colleagues. He spoke as a simple citizen and a representative of the people. The people had, he said, made known their wishes with regard to Poland. They should be attended to, and their Polish brethren assisted. They had also manifested a desire that the Assembly devote all its solicitude to allay the sufferings of the people. (Yes, yes, the creation of a Ministry of Labor.) He now called upon them to give a proof of their wisdom and admirably good sense, which could not be done but (we are deceived, we are betrayed, exclaimed the people,) by withdrawing in order to enable the Assembly to deliberate. (You must not deliberate, you must vote, cried a voice.) No description can give an idea of the scene of confusion and tumult that ensued. The cries in the public galleries, responding to those arising from the hall, were truly terrific. The former was so crowded that it was wonderful it did not give way. The representatives of the people remained seated, and if any ventured to say a word he was

menaced, and several were even struck by some ruffians standing near them. M. Barbes, after many fruitless attempts to address the Assembly, at last, obtained silence, and proclaimed, amidst frantic applause, that an extraordinary contribution of one thousand millions of francs should be levied on the rich for the benefit of the laboring classes. The following is the text of the documents read to the Assembly by M. Barbes:—'The people decree that the rich shall pay a tax of one thousand millions for the aid of Poland. The people decree the immediate dissolution of the National Assembly; and that any one who shall cause the *rappel* to be beaten shall be outlawed and declared guilty of treason to the country. They demand the guillotine. The people decree that the National Assembly is dissolved. The people name to fulfil the functions of the Executive Government: Barbes, Albert, Louis Blanc, Flocon, Blanqui, Raspail, Cabot.' Barbes made his motion with a drawn sword in his hand. The people then insisted on M. Louis Blanc being named Minister of Labor, and, having placed him on a table, carried him in triumph through the hall. Here a number of individuals ran in and informed the chiefs that the drums of the National Guard were beating to arms. This announcement created the greatest uproar, and M. Barbes, having again ascended the tribune, called upon the Assembly to decree that the people of Paris had deserved well of the country. The people appeared to be somewhat pacified by the proposition, but obstinately refused to leave the hall until the two decrees were voted. The Assembly, however, showing no inclination to satisfy their demand, and the president remaining seated, a scene of the greatest confusion arose, and M. Hubert at last mounting on the stage of the tribune, proclaimed in the name of the people the dissolution of the National Assembly. The president then put on his hat, and the representatives retired, leaving the multitude sole possessors of the hall. It was then 4 o'clock. But while these events were taking place between the chamber, the *rappel* was being beaten, and the National Guard assembling on all sides. About a quarter before five, the tenth legion of the National Guard entered the hall and cleared it of all the mob. The chiefs of the anarchists, Barbes, Raspail, Hubert, and Blanqui, had, in the meantime, proceeded to the Hotel de Ville to proclaim a new Provisional Government. On their arrival there they found that the gate was guarded by the national and republican guards, disposed to resist force by force. The column of insurgents had some minutes discussion with the commandant of the Hotel de Ville. A member of the club, mounted on the gate, read a proclamation in favor of the pretended Provisional Government. The reader could hardly be heard. In vain the National Guard, the Republican Guard, and the pupils of the schools, endeavored, by means of mildness and conciliation, to prevent violence. Several persons climbed over the gates and entered by main force the rooms of the Hotel de Ville. Ten minutes afterwards the gates were open and the mob got possession of the hotel. The banner of the clubs was substituted for the national colors, and the people occupying the windows, as on the 24th of February, cried, 'Vive Barbes! Vive la Republique Democratique!' Some windows and doors were broken. Barbes was one of the first who entered the Hotel de Ville, with a dozen of his friends. He mounted on a table placed in one of the rooms in the right wing, and read the names of the Provisional Government, which he had announced in the Chamber. Many objections were made to the names of Ledru Rollin and Flocon, but at last, the former was received, and the latter rejected. The names of Sobrier, Thore, Caussidiere, Blanqui, Cabot, Raspail, and Proudhon, were accepted with acclamations. Other names were mentioned, with that of Albert; they were also accepted, and proclaimed members of the Provisional Government. A voice cried, 'They are going to surround the Hotel de Ville, and kill our brothers. Make haste, Citizen Barbes! Panic took possession of the assembly, which was composed of 3,000 or 4,000 persons in blouses, amongst whom were some of the National Guard, and a pomper of the banlieue, the same who had spoken at the public sitting. Many persons leaped over the tables and benches, which were upset, and injured several. Barbes, after a moment of consideration, retired into the first room of the left wing, and then into the old hall of conference. It was said that many of the members of his new government came to join him, amongst whom were Albert and Thore. Barbes and his friends wrote the names of the members of the new Provisional Government, and some of the by-standers threw the slips of paper out of the windows on the square. These lists were received with cries of indignation. The lists were torn by some, and proclaimed by others, without even knowing the names they contained. Blanqui, Ledru Rollin, and Louis Blanc, were continually called for. A voice then said, 'Ledru Rollin is a traitor; he would assassinate you; the Garde Bourgeoise advances! Many voices then called out, 'Aux armes!' At this moment some National Guards, all armed, entered the Hotel de Ville, were disarmed. The 'generals' was heard being beaten without, and the Garde National was advancing in strong bodies. Barbes, his friends, and about eighty of the people, then retired into a little room adjoining that of which we have spoken. The tumult became frightful. The mounted on the tables, upset the paper, the inkstands, and broke many windows. Barbes and his friends shut themselves into the small room, and posted several armed persons at the door. At six o'clock, Barbes was writing a proclamation in the Hotel de Ville, which was to be sent to the printing office, and was attributing sundry administrations to each, when two captains and half a dozen National Guards, of the 3rd and 4th legions, entered the hall. 'Barbes! Where is Barbes? We must have him!' This was their first cry. 'No, no! To arms!' vociferated some men with red belts. 'You will tread us under foot before you touch him.' A greater number of National Guards then entered, and means were then taken to enter the room occupied by the three members of the Provisional Government. The sentinels placed near Barbes opposed the most violent resistance. Then came an adjoint to the Mayor of Paris; for neither M. Armand Marrast, nor his adjoints, nor the Prefet de Police, had made their appearance till that moment. The cry of 'Vive Lamartine!' was then heard; and, in fact, M. Lamartine arrived. He was borne in triumph through the passages of the Hotel de Ville. It was with dif-

ficulty M. Lamartine could pronounce a few words, which were received with enthusiastic acclamations. He was completely overpowered by fatigue and heat. The 5th and 7th batteries of the artillery of the National Guard, commanded by their *Chaf-d'escadron*, formed the *haie* in the passage which conducted to the place where Barbes, Albert, Thore, and others were placed. They were surrounded, and taken into custody. From that moment, no person was allowed to leave the Hotel de Ville. Barbes was, at 7 o'clock, carried to prison, by the officers of the artillery of the National Guard and an officer of the staff. He was pale and crest-fallen. The indignation was extreme. Barbes could not walk; they dragged him. Many times on the way swords were raised against him. Albert was taken in the same manner; his features exhibited much internal emotion, and were much distorted. They then seized Thore, who appeared less subdued, and he was conducted by the National Guard, in the same manner, to a place of safety. M. de Lamartine quitted the Hotel de Ville in the midst of popular acclamations. The persons who were in the room with Barbes were also arrested, and conducted to prison. These arrests are said to amount to at least sixty. On many persons were found pistols and daggers, and on some letters from the chiefs of the plot. Cries of 'Vive l'Assemblée Nationale' were heard on all sides.

77 The following able and temperate article, we copy from the New York Morning Express.

Two great and happy nations repose in peace and quiet, while all continental Europe is convulsed. France is but a volcano, blowing out its ashes, and rolling lava down its burning sides. All Austria quivers and trembles. Prussia frets and rages. 30,000,000 of Germans are fermenting. Italy is not with the elements of rebellion. But two of the great Powers of the world—in some way, in many respects, the greatest Powers of the world—are, amid all this fever, as calm as a summer's morning. Contentment rests upon the faces of men. Business goes on undisturbed within, feeling only the ripples from without. Exultation even bursts forth from these two great Powers, that they are the happy and content, and thus free from the turbulence of the rest of mankind. These two nations are the United States and our father land, Great Britain; and he is the true philosopher who can solve the reasons why. Is it in the English language alone—is it in our Saxon origin that there is something conservative of peace. Surely not. The solution of this contentment upon ourselves is to be found in something far deeper than tongue or birth, as it springs, no doubt, from some self-satisfaction within. If we can find out what that is, and if we can impress it, when discovered, upon France, as upon our institutions, we shall do a duty to our race, and aid greatly in the diffusion of universal emancipation.

The secret of the contentment of the American and the British with the institutions under which they live, we apprehend, is to be found alone in the liberty that their institutions secure to them; and the greatest proof that they enjoy true and real liberty under their institutions is again to be found in their contentment with them. Indeed, wherever national liberty exists, it inspires, contentment, for, as it is the nature of man to struggle for liberty, as the absence of it creates uneasiness and discontent, so its enjoyment diffuses peace and quiet.

Wherever these institutions are founded upon liberty there is strength in them. The Government is strong; the people are strong; the nation is all strong. Liberty develops and arouses all the powers of a State against a common enemy, or for the promotion of its own common weal. The strongest form of government, beyond all question, is that in which every man is a freeman, and is stimulated by his own interest to defend and protect the Government, as he has created. If, then, the secret of a nation's happiness and strength is liberty, and if the United States and Great Britain alone of all the nations of the earth show that they most enjoy it by their strength and happiness, France has living lessons before her to study, in the Convention that is to frame her constitution.

But liberty in the United States and liberty in Great Britain have a very different definition from the definition commonly given to the word in France. It is a mistake too often committed to suppose that despotism is the great antagonist of liberty. Where despotism exists, no political liberty can exist, to be sure; but when anarchy or licentiousness—the greatest enemies of liberty, inasmuch as they rob it of its honors and tarnish its name—exists no social liberty is known, and stern, stark tyranny crushes man, family and home. To strike down a despotism, then, is not to erect the principle of liberty; for a worse despotism may be created in its stead than the despotism stricken down. Indeed, there is no tyrant so severe, so cruel, so reckless, so utterly unprincipled, and so irresponsible, as a centaur-headed anarchy; an assassination cannot rid us of it, and the tyrant who is even a happy refuge from it. Napoleon was a blessing to a people who had been decimated by a Danton and Robespierre. His iron arm of protection was a salvation from the mob of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Liberty, then, is not anarchy nor licentiousness, as it is too often defined in France. Because a monarchy is struck down, it does not follow that liberty prevails in its stead. Indeed, in the American or British sense of liberty, anything and everything now exists but liberty in the Provisional Government of France, whose self-elected rulers have away, and these self-elected rulers are daily swayed by the mob of Paris. Necessity may make submission desirable; but no liberty, in our sense of the word, exists where a few men have power and a mob daily terrifies them. Hence, although nominal liberty exists in France just now, no contentment follows, and all business is at a stand, for no sense of security prevails, no self-satisfaction, and no sanction for the existing state of things. The Government is not the Government that true constitutional liberty would have created, and, therefore, it cannot long continue, nor anything but a short-lived one. It wants a sanction. It inspires no veneration. It has no chart of authority to show, and hence it has no security, and will be got rid of as soon as the panic it has created is over.

The people of the United States and of Great Britain when they desire a revolution proceed upon altogether different rules of action from those which seem to guide the French. We both reform and revolutionize through pre-existing forms of government, and we have seldom or never attempted to revolutionize in any other way. The Dorr rebellion in Rhode Island conceived the French way of a fight, but the people turned out and whipped it down, then voted it down, and then resented it down in the Supreme Court of the United States. British freedom has all been won by peaceful agitation. Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, and the freedom of speech and of the press, have all been the triumphs of agitation. Cromwell's interlude of a self-created government but riveted for a time chains upon the British people. Dynasties have been changed in England, but it was only the change of a dynasty, not of a principle. Our own revolution, as we showed the other day, was no change in the form or the principles of the State governments of these United States, and it was a strike, not for what we had not, so much as to keep the liberty that from time immemorial we had had. But the people of Paris, in a day shooting far ahead of all democracy, or of republicanism, or of liberty, that are known in Great Britain or the United States; and while monarchy is abolished by a mob in the halls of the Chamber of Deputies, the mob-created Government, by edict, proclaims, and *instantly* men universal suffrage to men a majority of whom

know not how to read or write, and who are devoted to colonialists that had not dreamed of a revolution that was approaching them. In a word, a people in their infancy of the principles of self-government are put upon their feet, and by some electric-inspiring shock, are suddenly made to walk and prattle, as if they had sprung full grown, Minerva-like, from Jupiter's brain!

Now, self-government is not so easy a realization as it is fancied to be in Paris. We Americans have been educated to it from our infancy, and we have been taught self-restraint by every severity of parental and governmental instruction, and yet we are often sadly deficient in it, and it needs all the efforts of parties, and of the best men in them, to keep the tone and moral of that self-government up. We begin in our school districts, self-electing our school officers, and in our towns, counties, and municipalities, self-electing from among ourselves the men deemed most fit for their respective stations. All these are miniature conventions, and schools for self-education. We go from them to our Legislatures, and take practical lessons there. The bench and the bar come with the way of the plough-field and of the work-shop; and all are taught together, and one is educating another. We rise then to Congress, in Washington, and again the process of self-education for self-government is going on. We learn the decorum of debate. Just principles are daily preached in our ears. The principles of the law books, the accumulated wisdom of centuries, are laid before them. It becomes almost impossible for the rogues and demagogues with which all society is ever infested in naturally corrupt or deceive us. But France despises with all these preparatory schools, and this preparatory education. A little army of 100,000 men, earning the most of them, 30 centimes per day, and to receive 15¢ per diem in Paris, assembled there, to protest to declare Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity!—as if such things would come at men's mere bidding.

Another great mistake that the French make, and one often made in our own country too, is that government springs from man alone, and needs not the blessing of God. The truth is, too often taught in both countries, that it is necessary to look downwards among erring fallen men for all the sources and the principles of power, and not upwards, where there is no end, and whence alone there can come no wrong. The right rule of our ancestors in their creation of our constitution was, that all earthly power springs from the people, but that these people are bound to respect all the commands of God, and that they are to be government by the laws of God, and not by the laws of man. Hence, if a man is not based upon these commandments, hence if a man is not based upon the voice of God, and the people but carried out His commandments. The true principles of our government, our fathers truly taught us, are to be learnt only in the Scriptures, but the people have their own modes for carrying them out. Man, so to speak, is but the machinery of Heaven. These Scriptures, thus, are full of lessons of submission, obedience and patience toward our rulers. But they practically show us that we obey their laws, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, as we approach the practice of the principles of the Scriptures, stability will be given to governments, and revolutions become impossible; but as we depart from them, disorder and dismay, as now among the absolute monarchies of Europe, will ensue. We of the United States and of Great Britain, no doubt, are now indebted for our peace and quiet to the approach that he have made, while all other nations are disturbed; but even we have many a long stride to make before we realize anything like their perfection.

THE MONSTER INCIDENT.—Mr. Chisholm Anstey has at length exploded, occupying however five hours in the process. The bubble is therefore burst. As some of our readers, however, are likely to waste through Mr. Anstey's torrent of small beer, we have taken the trouble of condensing a few of his accusations into a reasonable space, regretting that we have no room for the mere minor charges.

Mr. Chisholm Anstey accuses Lord Palmerston of treason—murder—highway robbery—arson—picking pockets—forgery—domestic—petty larceny—robbery in dwelling houses—simony—embezzlement—obtaining money under false pretences—paricide, matricide, fratricide, infanticide, and suicide—conspiracy—libel—breaking the Mansion-house windows—being drunk and incapable—riotous conduct in the West London Union—pawning goods from furnished lodgings—presenting begging letters—causing the potato-rot—sinking the President—killing the six gentlemen murdered in Chin—stripping children—servants painted spaces for carriages—causing the last eruption of Vesuvius—keeping Jenny Lind from appearing at Drury-lane—blowing up the Cricket—horse stealing—dog stealing—pot stealing—common assault—aggravated assault—assault, with intent to commit murder—keeping a gambling house—working an illicit still—smashing and swallowing the half-half-crowns—smuggling cigars—selling dead dogs for sausages—uttering forged five-pound notes—coming down to the house with a dark lantern and skeleton keys—receiving stolen goods—selling the Foreign Office stationery—riding in first-class carriages to Liverpool, having only paid third-class fare to Harrow—shop-lifting—wholesale poisoning—placing, contrary to the Police Act, flower-pots on his window-sill—and murdering Eliza Grimwood.

These offences were committed at different times since the Crusades, and in different parts of the world, including the North Pole, the South Pole, top of Chimborazo and the bottom of the crater of Etna.

We tremble for the result. What an awful sinner must poor Lord Palmerston have been!

[Man in the Moon.]

VOLCANIC DESPATCHES.—If we do not have telegraphic despatches in this far-off part of the world, we have what many parts of the world cannot boast of,—despatches from the volcano. Our latest advices from the head quarters of *Pele* represent that portion of the Kingdom, as remarkably agitated. The crater of Kilauwa, which has for the last few years been relapsing into quiescence, is said to be very active—more so than at any time since the eruption of 1843. A grand display of fire-works is supposed to be in preparation, for the knowledge ones say there is going to be another grand eruption soon. The lava has already overflowed the banks of the boiling cauldron. Parties who contemplate visiting the volcano will do well to be on hand in season to witness the display, for there will positively be no postponement on account of the weather. Gentlemen who have suddenly amassed fortunes in the 'land of promise' cannot better spend a few 'shells' than in visiting this wonder of nature.

A PLEASANT SITUATION.—The editor of the New Orleans Merchant describes himself as 'sitting in a small corner of a small room, in the third story of a big house, with a hot atmosphere around him, the hum of a thousand muskets in his ears, and no cool drink anywhere within reach—thirteen of the said muskets, and the huge gallineries being all the time hard at work on his left arm, and the composers waiting for copy.'